

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

News frae SCOTLAND

BOOK TARGETS.

A FAMOUS American woman writer, speaking of a popular dance held annually in a certain college, remarked that if all the girls attending the function were laid end-to-end she would not be at all surprised. One would not be surprised if all the books collected in salvage in Scotland stretched from here to the limit of the imagination.

From Edinburgh, Montrose, Carnoustie, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, and elsewhere, it is reported that all targets have been exceeded. Of the collection in the Scottish capital, over 62,000 were sent to the Forces, of which some reached the First Army in time, apparently, for quiet relaxation in Tunis and Bizerta. If she was there, "Miss Blandish," for whom there were no orchids, would provide many a "Hadley Chaser" for men well versed in chasing.

RECOGNISED HIM.

WHICH reminds us of the wide open desert spaces and the fact that a historic battle-ground can be as "small" as a tenement back-green. That's proved by George Milne Tait, an Edinburgh laddie in the R.A.F., who in a letter home related how, driving a truck across the desert, he rescued an Australian airman who had bailed out. "I know you," said the airman to his rescuer. And he did. He was a pal of

THE SIGN-POSTS RETURN

THOUSANDS of the signposts which had to be pulled down way back in 1940, when invasion might have come any day, have been restored to their places at road junctions in urban areas.

The Royal Automobile Club has re-erected between 15,000 and 20,000 of them, and local authorities have replaced many thousands in the towns and cities.

This will help the long-distance lorry driver with a load of war material aboard to save time and petrol. For not only has the lack of signposts meant stopping to ask the way, or waiting till someone came along to give a direction, but hundreds of gallons of petrol have been lost by drivers taking a wrong turn and having to make a detour or go back the way they came.

The ban on signposts still applies to most rural areas, and they may have to wait till the end of the war before they go up again. But there is a possibility that some of them may be restored as the likelihood of invasion recedes.

When the signposts were taken down, a survey of the countryside had just been finished, and many thousands of old signposts replaced by a standard post insisted upon by the Ministry of Transport.

We can be sure, at any rate, that when the signposts go back to the countryside they will be better placed and more trustworthy than before the war.

Tait's brother in Australia and had seen the lad's photograph in Tait's brother's home in Australia.

HOW TO DANCE.

WE don't know how you feel about it, submariners, but Dundee police committee are concerned about patrons being packed like herrings in a barrel at a certain dance hall. Maybe some persons dancing might be termed fish-faced, but herrings could not be the good food the Ministry of Food maintain they are if they jitter-bugged or split up their shoals with slow waltzes, tangos and fox-trots. Anyhow, the good councillors agreed that the floor space of halls is to be measured with a view to limiting the number of admissions.

Note. — Dancing cheek to cheek in Dundee is frowned on.

BELOW THE CASTLE.

TALKING of dancing, Edinburgh includes in its holiday-at-home attractions, like other cities, open-air dancing. Unlike other cities, there is something very charming (and exhilarating at reel time) about the dancing in Princes Street Gardens on a summer evening with the sun-splashed slopes of the Castle Rock, and the Castle, too. It's a "backcloth" once seen that is long remembered. A record number, over 3,000, danced the first night, a lovely and lively evening. That was Saturday. The official opening was the Monday evening following, and the Lord and Lady Provost were to lead off the dance. It rained like hell. There's a moral there about time and tide or something, if you're interested.

BACK TO EDEN.

FROM dancing to partners. Here is a couple who have kept step together. They may be sitting out a bit more often than of yore, but it's fine to "look on" when you celebrate your diamond wedding, as have Mr. and Mrs. Winter, of 28 Carmichael Street, Dundee. At least, that is the address they were married from on June 1, 1883. To-day their home is at 3 Eden Street in the same city. Could there be a more appropriate address?

BANG WENT SAXPENCE.

THE other day, at Hibernian F.C. ground, during a match between Army and Amateur teams, a Regimental Sergeant-Major was shocked beyond words when he lost a bet of sixpence. The Army team included Carabine, Walker, and several other well-known professionals, and they were winning in a canter. The R.S.M. offered to bet that the soldiers' side would score eleven goals. "How much will you bet?" asked a spectator in the row behind. "Sixpence," replied the R.S.M.

The Army side only got ten goals, and the R.S.M. paid out—two threepenny bits. Among other remarks he made was "Blimey!" when he learned that the winner of his sixpence was the sportsman and pools promoter, Mr. Tom Strang.

COURAGE CARRIED CAROLE TO THE TOP

You remember Nurse Wilson, whom I introduced a few weeks ago? Well, here is another interesting young lady; here is the story she told me:

FRANCES RIDSTE was 16 at the time, vivacious, gay and ambitious. Her blue eyes sparkled with the thrill of dreams about the conquests she was going to make, perhaps on the stage, maybe in the movies, or mayhap across the ether waves.

Frances, whose blonde hair, trim figure and laughter attracted more dates than any other girl in San Bernardino high school, was determined to do something about those phantasies.

She was getting old, she told herself. It was time she escaped from high school, where she was noted principally for failing to attend classes, and get on in the world.

But first she must have a name. Nobody could pronounce Ridste, and she didn't like Frances. So she sat down one day and wrote out hundreds of names. She worked for hours and hours, and finally she found one she liked.

It was Carole Landis. Next, she must find some metropolis where she could dazzle producers with her beauty and talents. There were too many ambitious girls, she decided, in Hollywood, which is virtually next door to San Bernardino. Broadway and Chicago were out since she didn't have the train fare.

Heartbreak for mother

That left San Francisco. So, after breaking the news to her mother, who was heartbroken, as any mother would have been, Carole Landis packed up her travelling bag and set forth.

She carried a bus ticket in one hand and jingled 16.82 dollars in a purse in the other. She didn't know anyone in San

girl over there. The best there is."

Carole made friends in five minutes with Kay and confided her troubles. Kay was sympathetic and offered to teach Carole. They worked all the next day, and that night the team of Ellis and Landis went on.

It was her charm and alluring voice, though, that attracted the attention of Carl Ravazza, and she soon became his star attraction.

She earned fifty dollars a week as a singer with Carl Ravazza, and the same when the Rio del Mar country club in Santa Cruz signed her to warble at the exclusive resort.

Getting older

By this time she was 17—although she always told her bosses she was 21—and she was getting older. Since she didn't want to let youth go by and miss golden opportunities, she saved her dimes with the intention of assailing the bastions of Hollywood.

"I saved up a hundred dollars," she recalled. "I thought that was money to spare for a siege of the movie ramparts, and one sunny day I hied myself southward, this time on a train. I was really coming up in the world."

The movie scouts, though, didn't beleaguer her five-dollars-a-week apartment, and the weeks added up to months. But a Hollywood which had discouraged thousands of young hopefuls couldn't feaze this blonde. She made friends with chorus girls, extras and bit actors.

One day, three and a half months after her arrival, she learned that Busby Berkeley was interviewing chorines. She showed up at the studio with hundreds of other girls, and stood in a line, garbed in a play suit, while the great Berkeley walked along and picked out the girls he wanted. Carole was among those selected.

Back home, she found a song-and-dance girl who taught her some steps, and Carole worked until she almost fainted, for two days. When rehearsals started she wasn't an expert, but she managed to get by the critical eye of the director.

A lucky break followed. The feminine star didn't want to do a solo dance that had been written into the script for her, and



Carole as she appeared in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Orchestra Wives."

the director chose Carole. Studio executives came on the set the day that she went before the cameras for the number, and they raved so much over her that Warners signed her to a term contract.

She played a model in the Glenda Farrell picture, "Blondes at Work," and a hat check girl in another Dick Powell movie, "Hollywood Hotel."

"By this time I was 18, and at 18 a girl feels that she is fast approaching middle age," said Carole. "I wanted to do important things, not just bit roles. So I thought I'd try the stage. If I could get into a big Broadway hit, I figured I'd be in demand in Hollywood."

That old Carole Landis ambition was stirring again, that spark of fire and determination which set her aside from the run-of-the-mill hopefuls. She was earning a hundred dollars a week at Warners, and probably could have remained there for several years, but she wasn't getting ahead, either as an actress or singer.

Disappointment

Not a girl in a million would have had her courage. She asked Warners for a release from her contract, and got it.

And then there followed what she considers the greatest disappointment she has yet had.

Carole auditioned for the role of Sophie Teal, the second lead in "Roberta," which the Philharmonic Light Opera Company of Los Angeles was producing, with Bob Hope as the star. She won the role. Laurence Schwab saw her and signed her as the star of "Once Upon a Night," which he planned to produce on Broadway.

After weeks of rehearsal, with hopes high that her name soon would be flashing from the marquees, Carole paraded before the footlights. The critics praised her the next day; they saw a brilliant future ahead of her, but that didn't help "Once Upon a Night," which folded quietly.

"I went back to the hotel and cried far into the night," she said. "It seemed as though I had built my life around that play."

Back to Hollywood trekked Carole, determined that this time she would find a niche for herself in the movies and stay there. She turned cowgirl for a few Westerns, playing opposite John Wayne in one of them, but the wide open spaces didn't tempt her too much.

Cave-girl

She heard that D. W. Griffith was seeking a cave-woman for "One Million, B.C.," which Hal Roach was producing. She didn't look much like a female Tarzan, but she was ready to become one.

Griffith, who has developed many film stars, saw in her that indefinable something which stamps a screen personality. He gave her the lead, and the rest is recent history.

Within a few months she was a star; other studios were trying to borrow her; she went into one film after another. By New Year's Day, 1941, she was under contract to two studios.

Many actresses would sit back and take life easy at this stage, but not the San Bernardino girl.

Carole lives with her mother in a colonial home in Brentwood. She drives her own car, dances, bowls, swims, rides, and plays tennis. She reads avidly, everything from poetry to biography and best-sellers. Among her favourite authors are W. Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward.

WISDOM From the Past

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).
.....
Custom reconciles us to everything.
Edmund Burke (1729-1797).
.....
Where law ends, tyranny begins.
Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778).



Carole being herself. Has she bathed—or has she?

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—31

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, before and after the letters UR, and make a word.

2. Here are seven four-letter words: FEAR, DUNE, CADS, TOES, RUIN, READ, SANE. We may take one letter out of each of them and make the seven-letter word RUSSIAN. Now take a different letter out of each and make another seven-letter word, and so on, till all the letters are used up.

3. Can you change COACH into HORSE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: DASH into POST, WADE into DIVE, STALK into SHOOT.

4. How many four-letter words can you make out of the letters in the word DISESTABLISHMENT? And how many five-letter words?



A WEARY journey! But we decided to undertake it, though, for my own part, I felt little prepared to encounter its fatigues, shivering and burning by turns with the ague and fever; for I know not how else to describe the alternate sensations I experienced, and suffering not a little from the lameness which afflicted me.

Added to this was the faintness consequent on our meagre diet—a calamity in which Toby participated to the same extent as myself.

These circumstances, however, only augmented my anxiety to reach a place which promised us plenty and repose, before I should be reduced to a state which would render me altogether unable to perform the journey.

Accordingly we now commenced it by descending the almost perpendicular side of a steep and

By HERMAN MELVILLE

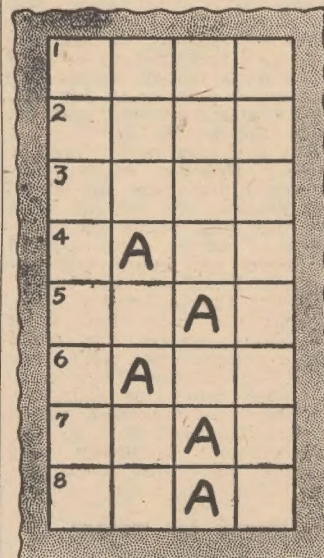
narrow gorge, bristling with a thick growth of reeds. Here there was but one mode for us to adopt. We seated ourselves upon the ground, and guided our descent by catching at the canes in our path.

The velocity with which we thus slid down the side of the ravine soon brought us to a point where we could use our feet, and in a short time we arrived at the edge of the torrent, which rolled impetuously along the bed of the chasm.

After taking a refreshing draught from the water of the stream, we addressed ourselves to a much

more difficult undertaking than the last. Every foot of our late descent had to be regained in ascending the opposite side of the gorge—an operation rendered the less agreeable from the consideration that in these perpendicular episodes we did not progress a hundred yards on our journey.

But, ungrateful as the task was, we set about it with exemplary patience, and after a snail-like progress of an hour or more, had scaled perhaps one half of the distance, when the fever which had left me for awhile returned with such violence, and accompanied by so raging a thirst, that it required all the entreaties of



Fill in the missing words according to the clues: the outside columns will give you the name of one of Dickens's best books. Clues:

1. Midday.
2. Zulu army.
3. Stylish.
4. To chop.
5. Cricket ground.
6. Behind time.
7. First four letters of a rare fruit.
8. Support.

ingenious scoundrel, may be given: "Amy porno dan chin Orrnio, gnyajorhe sai lory..." His lies were quite consistent, and when he produced a Formosan calendar, scales of weights and measures, etc., there was nothing inherently impossible about them.

It may seem impossible to us that a single man could deceive the whole world, but people in 1704 were not as sceptical as they are now, and the fact remains that for a time his lies were completely accepted by thousands.

On his death-bed Psalmanazar confessed that not one word of what he had said or written was true and that he had never been within thousands of miles of Formosa.

The World's greatest liars

By J. M. MICHAELSON

A POLL on the greatest living liar would undoubtedly—except perhaps in Germany—find Josef Goebbels easily at the top. But the little doktor whom nobody now believes is by no means the greatest liar who has ever lived, and certainly not the most interesting. He has simply made a science of what other men did for notoriety, to earn a living for to amuse their friends. As an epithet for a liar, Goebbels may in future supplant Annanias, but there are other claimants

to the discovery that, the bigger the lie, the more likely it is to be believed.

Few people have heard of Erich Raspe, but he brought the lie of exaggerated courage to its ultimate limit when he gave to the world the "Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia" of Baron Munchausen. Baron Munchausen seems to have been a soldier who, after fighting in the wars against the Turks in the armies of the Tsarina, retired to his native Germany. Possibly he did occasionally tell a tall story of his adventures to his friends, but it was Raspe, a disreputable genius who escaped from Germany to London after robbing a museum, who wrote the stories.

CAN YOU SWALLOW THIS?

The tallest probably concerns the Baron's escape from a predicament when he was face to face with a lion, his right flank a deep river containing a waiting alligator and his left a precipice. As the lion leapt at him, the Baron dropped flat. The lion passed over him into the alligator's mouth, and it was then a simple matter—for the Baron—to cut off the lion's body with his sword and cram the head so far down the crocodile's throat that it was choked!

Curiously enough, no copy of the first edition of these pleasant communications concerning the Baron's life has survived. Raspe seems to have expected them to be taken seriously, but quickly found it was more profitable to treat them satirically, and the second edition is dedicated to country gentlemen, the stories to be repeated as their own... in watering-places and such other polite assemblies, round the bottle and fireside. The book became a classic, and few children have not been puzzled whether to take the adventures of the Baron seriously or humorously. The book was first printed in 1785, and sold all over the world.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT... OR IS IT?

Raspe was a ready liar in person as well as in print, and led a life of ups-and-downs according to his ability to persuade people to believe his stories. A very good line for some time was the "discovery" of gold on the estates of Scottish lairds where he got himself invited, the gold having been carefully placed there by Raspe beforehand.

The trouble about even a little lie is that the teller sooner or later has to tell more and more lies to support his first one.

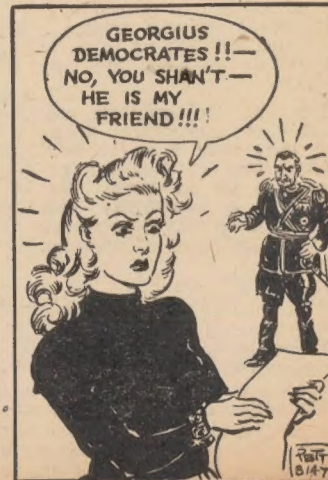
This was the experience of George Psalmanazar, who would certainly be on any ballot form of great liars. Psalmanazar was a Frenchman of some ability, who made up an alphabet, and then, finding it did not attract attention, hit on the idea of attributing it to a little-known country. From this to saying he had been to the country was a short step, and not long after, Psalmanazar, on the recommendation of a bishop, was being feted by all London as the first inhabitant of Formosa to visit Europe.

LYING AT EASE.

The lies came easily to Psalmanazar, and he gave accounts of every detail of Formosan life, down to their customs, dresses and personal habits. But sometimes his lies put him in an awkward spot. For instance, when he stated that the Formosan religion demanded that every girl should be sacrificed, a questioner raised the point that if this was so the race would become extinct. "Oh, no," said Psalmanazar, without hesitation. "The girls are given to the priests to sacrifice, but that does not mean they are actually sacrificed."

Psalmanazar proceeded to write out in his strange language all the laws, classical texts, etc., of the Formosans. As an example of the language, the opening of the Lord's Prayer, as translated by this

JANE



ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

Well, it is just as difficult for the Arab kid to learn Arabic as it was for us to learn English. For Arabic is read from right to left. The elderly professor is here giving his one pupil at Coranschool the first notion of the mysteries and high ethical terms of Islam—and makes his cigarette philosophically to give the pupil time to digest the great truths that rule the lives of Mohammedans.

Toby to prevent me from losing all the fruits of my late exertion, by precipitating myself madly down the cliffs we had just climbed, in quest of the water which flowed so temptingly at their base.

At the moment all my hopes and fears appeared to be merged in this one desire, careless of the consequences that might result from its gratification.

I am aware of no feeling, either of pleasure or of pain, that so completely deprives one of all power to resist its impulses, as this same raging thirst.

Toby earnestly conjured me to continue the ascent, assuring me that a little more exertion would bring us to the summit, and that then in less than five minutes we should find ourselves at the brink of the stream, which must necessarily flow on the other side of the ridge.

"Do not," exclaimed Toby, "turn back, now that we have proceeded thus far; for I tell you that neither of us will have the courage to repeat the attempt, if once more we find ourselves looking up to where we now are from the bottom of these rocks!"

I was not yet so perfectly beside myself as to be heedless of these representations, and therefore toiled on, ineffectually endeavouring to appease the thirst which consumed me, by thinking that in a short time I should be able to gratify it to my heart's content.

At last we gained the top of the second elevation, the loftiest of those I have described as extending in parallel lines between us and the valley we desired to reach. It commanded a view of the whole intervening distance; and, discouraged as I was by other circumstances, this prospect plunged me into the very depths of despair.

Nothing but dark and fearful chasms, separated by sharp crested

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

His father was a coachman, he wore a top-hat, was manservant to a prominent clubman, married a girl named Mary, knew London very well, ate boiled mutton and trimmings, and once attended a temperance meeting. Who was he?

Answer to Quiz in No. 68

1. The knee joint in a horse's hind leg.
2. (a) Dickens, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Legal.
4. William Blake, who was tried at Chichester.
5. In Alberta, Canada.
6. A mixture of gin and beer.
7. Egbert of Wessex.
8. The root of the Zingiber plant.
9. (a) Dr. Primrose, the hero of a novel by Goldsmith, (b) a time-serving parson, hero of a popular song.
10. 640 acres.
11. Camel, Hippopotamus, Elephant.
12. In Venice.

Beelzebub Jones



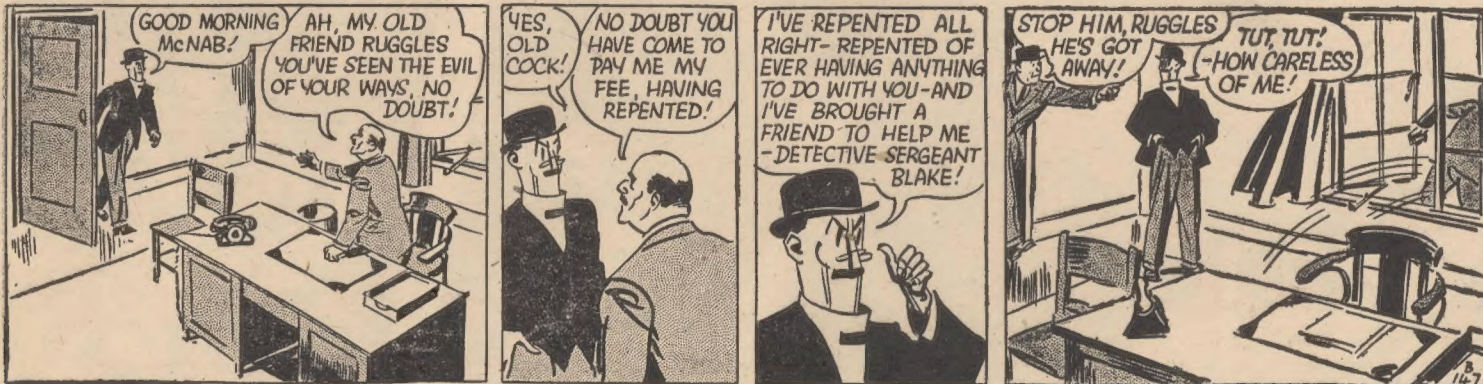
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Bottled news gets through

By RONALD GARTH

HAVE you heard of the International Bottle Club? Its members are scattered all over the world, and declare they have launched the first truly international hobby, by the "free" exchange of correspondence carried in bottles by wind, waves and ocean currents.

A British prisoner of war in Germany eluded his guards for a few seconds, and slipped a bottle into the Rhine. It contained a message to his loved ones, addressed to the British Consul wherever it should land.

TWO MONTHS AFLOAT.

Along it bobbed, bound for Blighty. The bottle travelled via Kiel to Russia, and two months later the news reached England. On the shores of the Gulf of Finland a peasant had picked it up, and, in puzzlement, had taken it to the local police station. Thence its message travelled through three State departments to the British Consulate in Leningrad—and through to a worried little woman in the Midlands, who heard with joy the tidings that her son was safe.

An Austrian writer longed to tell the outside world the burning truth about the more recent horrors suffered by his country under Nazi rule. One moonless night, with a covering message in three languages, his despatch was slipped in a bottle thrown into the Danube. The waves fulfilled their work well, for the message was found, published in a Turkish newspaper, and quoted all over the world.

Sixteen years ago the Bottle Club was started by an Australian, Colonel E. P. Bailey, after he had prepared hundreds of messages in a dozen languages and scattered a few each day in bottles from the deck of a ship travelling from Vancouver to Sydney. His messages were answered by Americans, Argentines, Chinese, even by residents on the Isle of Bali.

One bottle, picked up near San Francisco, was launched again with an added message, retrieved at Lima, retrieved again at Montevideo, and finally dashed itself ashore at Charleston, having completed a circuit of South America.

BOTTLED STATISTICS.

Already the International Bottle Club has furnished valuable data to scientists concerning world wind drifts and ocean currents. Bottles deliberately launched by Polar expeditions to Antarctica, for instance, always take a year to reach South America, giving a good idea of the ocean's speed. South Sea bottles invariably travel toward Canada, and the Gulf Stream has been proved faster than surrounding waters.

An invitation to all Submariners

Make this your own newspaper by sending us the address of your wife, your mother, your girl-friend, so that we may photograph them and publish their pictures and greetings in these pages. Address on back page.

—THE EDITOR.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

and perpendicular ridges as far as the eye could reach. Could we have stepped from summit to summit of these steep but narrow elevations we could easily have accomplished the distance; but we must penetrate to the bottom of every yawning gulf, and scale in succession every one of the eminences before us.

Even Toby, although not suffering as I did, was not proof against the disheartening influences of the sight.

But we did not long stand to contemplate it, impatient as I was to reach the waters of the torment which flowed beneath us.

With an insensibility to danger which I cannot call to mind without shuddering, we threw ourselves down the depths of the ravine, starting its savage solitudes with the echoes produced by the falling fragments of rock we every moment dislodged from their places, careless of the insecurity of our footing, and reckless whether

the slight roots and twigs we clutched at sustained us for the while, or treacherously yielded to our grasp.

For my own part, I scarcely knew whether I was helplessly falling from the heights above, or whether the fearful rapidity with which I descended was an act of my own volition.

In a few minutes we reached the foot of the gorge, and kneeling upon a small ledge of dripping rocks, I bent over to the stream. What a delicious sensation was I now to experience! I paused for a second to concentrate all my capabilities of enjoyment, and then immersed my lips in the clear element before me.

Had the apples of Sodom turned to ashes in my mouth, I could not have felt a more startling revulsion. A single drop of the cold fluid seemed to freeze every drop of blood in my body; the fever that had been burning in

my veins gave place on the instant to death-like chills, which shook me one after another like so many shocks of electricity, while the perspiration produced by my late violent exertions congealed in icy beads upon my forehead.

My thirst was gone, and I fairly loathed the water. Starting to my feet, the sight of those

Solution to Missing Letters in No. 68

1. Constrain. 2. Construct. 3. Conscript. 4. Constrict. 5. Contralto. 6. Contumacy. 7. Concourse. 8. Congruent. 9. Conjugate.

Answer to Who Is It on Page 2.
SAM WELLER.

Send your
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

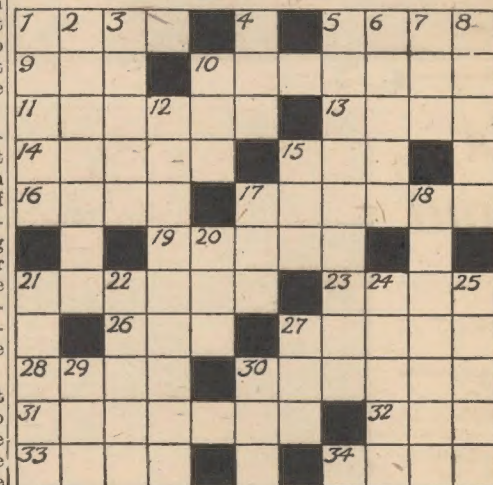
dank rocks, oozing forth moisture at every crevice, and the dark stream shooting along its dismal channel, sent fresh chills through my shivering frame, and I felt as uncontrollable a desire to climb up towards the genial sunlight as I before had to descend the ravine.

After two hours' perilous exertions we stood upon the summit of another ridge, and it was with difficulty I could bring myself to believe that we had ever penetrated the black and yawning chasm which then gaped at our feet. Again we gazed upon the prospect which the height commanded, but it was just as depressing as the one which had before met our eyes.

I now felt that in our present situation it was in vain for us to think of ever overcoming the obstacles in our way, and I gave up all thoughts of reaching the vale which lay beyond this series of impediments; while at the same time I could not devise any scheme to extricate ourselves from the difficulties in which we were involved.

(Continued to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Flog.
- 5 Sodium Chloride.
- 9 Tire.
- 10 Tooth.
- 11 Be very sorry.
- 14 Despoil.
- 15 Failure.
- 16 Hearth slab.
- 17 Attack.
- 19 Girl's name.
- 21 Part of shoe.
- 23 Spruce.
- 26 Success.
- 27 Pull.
- 28 Mixed stew.
- 30 Ship's captain.
- 31 Simpletons.
- 32 Wrath.
- 33 Observer.
- 34 Herbaceous plant.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CAPS TIGERS
ALLOY SINEW
LOOPED GALA
ANT AIR BAN
SE GREATLY
H FAN FIE C
PIPETTE RAP
PEN DUE PIT
ERIC GROUSE
ATTAR SUPER
THEMES TANS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Kindle. 2 Accuse. 3 Sound of bag-pipes. 4 Unity. 5 Feigns. 6 Away. 7 Great deal. 8 Behave to. 10 Climbing plant. 12 Buildings. 15 Beetle. 17 Chart. 18 Vibrate. 20 Allow. 21 Fetters. 22 Brightness. 24 Proportion. 25 Lakes. 27 Owns. 29 Recline. 30 Sea-bird.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

In any case, who could possibly forget lovely Rosemary Lane once having seen this de-lovely star of Warner Bros.



Scientists say that things go round in cycles, maybe yes, maybe no, but it looks as though right from the cradle, at any rate, our womenfolk have their various "circles" in life. All we can say in these two cases, is that the results appear to be very healthy. On the left, L.N.E. Railway gym. display. Obviously on the right "lines." On the right, tiny inmates of the Wright Kingsford Homes, revelling in the feel of health-giving sunshine on their young bodies.



IT'S QUITE GONE TO HIS HEAD!

According to gravity, this chappie must be watering his brains. Anyway, he's proving that sailors don't care whichever way things go.

This England

Harvest time in Bucks. Looks like a possibility of summer showers in those threatening clouds. Just what you'd expect from our English climate, isn't it?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

